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JAKY EINHORN;

—OR—

# LIFE ON THE ROAD.

A COMEDY DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS,

—BY—

✓  
CHAS. BASWICK,

WITH ALL THE STAGE BUSINESS, SCENIC EFFECTS, ETC.

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1886.



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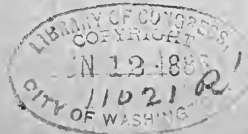
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## Cast of Characters.

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JAKY EINSTEIN, A CLOTHING DRUMMER.

WM. STANLEY, a much Persecuted Man.

WALTER HARRINGTON, his Friend.

RICHARD CARROLL, alias BURTON, a Heartless Villain.

FRANK DALY, his Companion.

ARCHIBALD FARNSWORTH, a Merchant.

ROBERT, } his Clerks.  
DAN, }

HOOK, Proprietor Commercial Hotel.

MARTIN, his Son.

USHER at State's Prison.

WARDEN at State's Prison.

BILL TURNER, Head Bell Boy at Palmer House.

*Cowboys, Prisoners, Keepers, Policemen, Etc.*

JEANNETTE GUINOT, a French Girl.

MARY STANLEY, Will's Wife.

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## Synopsis of Scenery.

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### ACT FIRST.

*Scene, Palmer House, Chicago*—The plot to ruin—Proposing a practical joke—Love making—The stage struck lover—Einstein's customer—"I like dot musik"—A lost sale—Jeannette's determination—The game of poker—I have four aces—The quarrel—Come Will, these men are no company for us—Will's sympathy—Tricked—The female witness Bribe—The arrest—Those diamonds in my pocket? Villain you have put them there!—"Tis false—"Tis true! I saw you do it.

### ACT SECOND.

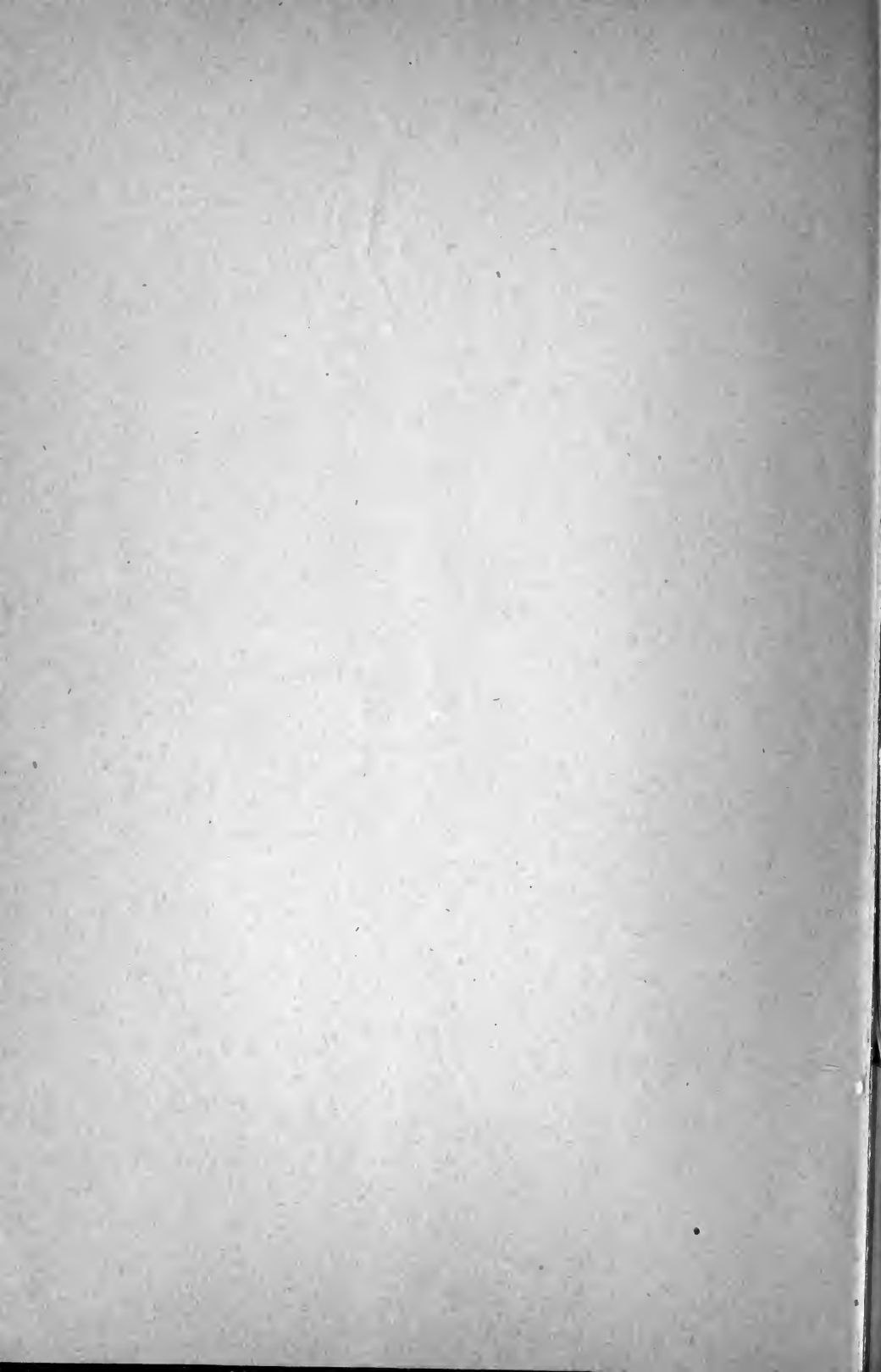
*Farnsworth's Office, New York*—Einstein as stock clerk—The letter—Carroll's return—The burglary—The will—Jeannette's demand—The shot—The incendiary—Mrs Stanley's arrival—Help! Help! Help!—Einstein's timely appearance—The missing witness—Fire! Fire! Realistic Tableaux.

### ACT THIRD.

*Scene 1st—C., B. & Q. Ticket Office, Chicago*—The departure—Such men as you are a disgrace to honest traveling men—The game—The wallet—Jeannette's disguise. *Scene 2d—Reception Room States Prison, Joliet*—The plan to escape. *Scene 3d—Corridor of Prison*—Stanley's misery—The villain again—Your wife is false—She is as true as you are false—Mrs. Stanley's and Einstein's arrival—The villain frustrated—The attempted escape—Back men, escape is impossible. Grand Tableaux.

### ACT FOURTH.

*Commercial Hotel, Valentine, Neb.*—Stanley's homestead—Einstein in a new line—Cowboys on a spree—That awful dinner—Carroll's rendezvous—Farnsworth bargains for the will—The fatal shot—Einstein's strategy—Stanley meets Carroll face to face—I am not your father—the encounter—Lynch Law in Nebraska—Stanley's fortune—Einstein's good luck—Grand Denouement. End of Play.



# JACK EINHORN;

## OR LIFE ON THE ROAD.

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ACT 1ST.—Scene—*A Double Apartment at Palmer House, Chicago. Sample room L Sleeping apartment R. Carroll (dis.) conversing with Daly in apartment R. Music at rise of Curtain.*

CARROLL. Since you cannot perceive the object of my wishes I will explain them more clearly. You will then see that the duties I impose must be performed.

DALY. I am all ears, I am, I can assure you.

CARR. Then listen: Mary Farnsworth, the daughter of my employer refused my hand in marriage and cast her affections upon Wm. Stanley, my assistant in the office where we were both employed. It was her fathers desire that she should marry me. Now the affection I once bore this woman has turned to hate, aye! bitter hate, and I mean to drag them down until she will consent to divorce herself from him and marry me.

DALY. Well I'm surprised; I am, I can assure you.

CARR. As soon as Farnsworth discovered they were secretly married, he became very much incensed at their conduct, but would have pardoned them for their offense had not Stanley's accounts began to fall short and he was discharged for knavery. This I was very particular should be the case. The cause of his discharge was soon noised around and for a long time it was impossible for him to get employment. I had almost conquered his heart-broken wife, when, by the influence of one of his friends, he was given a position as traveling salesman and has risen again. Now I am sure my disguise cannot be penetrated by him.

DALY. Oh! no, no, no, too cleverly gotten up, I can assure you.

CARR. Now Stanley is stopping at this house; you must make his acquaintance.

DALY. An easy matter. I meet Harrington, by chance of course, invite him to a game of billiards, he introduces me to Stanley, we become friends, and then—

CARR. And then?

DALY. And then for our little game, and we'll win. We will, I can assure you.

CARR. I feel certain of success, and when Mary Farnsworth is my wife and her fortune is at my command, you, my friend, will be well paid for the part you have taken in this nights work.

DALY. And you are sure she'll not refuse you.

CARR. She dare not. Stanley in prison, I will be ever at her side and make her life a living hell if she refuse to do my bidding. But enough of this; you understand your part thoroughly?

DALY. To the letter, I can assure you. (*Exit D. F. R.*)

*Enter JEANNETTE GUINOT, D. F. L.*

CARR. Success crowns my every effort. Ah! William Stanley, once enter the net I have woven for you and nothing can save you from ruin. (*Exit D. F. R.*)

JEAN. Nothing but work! work! work! and I am sick and tired of it, but what else shall I do. I have it, I will go on the stage, I will become Mamzelle Jeannette Guinot, the Pimma Donna of ze Grand Opera, and when my friends at Continental Hotel, Paris, will hear of my good fortune, their hearts will be filled with envy. I will pay Paris a vist. I have ze elegant voice, and my costumes with elegant trails and massive laces shall be the talk of all Paris. I forget I have not the means to secure all this, and must remain ze simple chambermaid.

*Enter BILL TURNER D. F. L.*

BILL. Hello! Jeannette! I have been searching every room on this floor to find you.

JEAN. Oh! How you startle me.

BILL. Oh! You are frightened very easy aint you, my Popsey-Wopsey.

JEAN. Popsey-Wopsey? (*Laughing.*) He calls me his Popsey-Wopsey.

BILL. Its awful funny aint it?



JEAN. Well, rather amusing.

BILL. If your love for me was as strong as mine for you, you wouldn't think it so funny. Jeannette, I do love you, won't you marry me?

JEAN. Marry you! Let me see, you are now earning four dollars per week, hardly enough to support yourself, and yet you talk about marrying. You make me tired.

BILL. Rejected, and by a woman beneath my station. Farewell, false woman, I'll commit suicide. No I won't, Jeannette, won't you marry me?

JEAN. No I won't, so get out.

BILL. Then I will commit soosan syrup, but false woman my spirit shall haunt thee. Remember the Phoenix never dies.

JEAN. Will you get out. Read another dime novel and you'll become insane.

BILL. I henceforth become a Bandit King, and vow vengeance on the woman who has brought me to what I am. You shall never talk to another man. Vengeance on the first drummer that I catch talking to you. Vengeance! (*Exit Div. F. L.*)

JEAN. The foolish fellow. Well I must finish my work. (*Busy dusting and making beds.*)

*Enter CARROLL, DALY, STANLEY AND HARRINGTON, D. F. R.*

CARR. This is my room, so make yourselves perfectly at home.

DALY. Our acquaintance will be of the most agreeable nature. It will, I can assure you.

HAR. It seems very strange, Mr. Burton, that we should have traveled the same route, stopped at the same hotels for the past two years, and yet have never met before.

CARR. Quite so, and yet stranger things than that have happened.

STAN. Burton, your face is very familiar to me, and reminds me —

CARR. Of some old friend, no doubt.

STAN. No, of a bitter enemy, curse him, if I had him here.

(*Runs toward Carroll, Harrington stops him.*)

HAR. Stanley! Remember where you are.

CARR. May I ask the name of this bitter enemy you speak of?

STAN. Richard Carroll, a man who looks very much like you, only he wore no beard, and was a much younger man than you are. I was his assistant book-keeper in an

office where we were both employed. He stole money from our employer and had me appear guilty of the theft—had me discharged—turned into the street—because he was rejected by my affianced bride, Mary Farnsworth, and because she married me. He is a mean, low, sneaking, thieving cur, and I'll kill him if he ever dares to cross my path.

HAR. Don't get so serious. Come, I have a little joke I want to propose to you.

DALY. We're all attention. We are, I can assure you.

HAR. There's a young Hebrew named Jakey Einstein, he is travelling for a New York clothing house; now I propose that we put up a job on him. I'll introduce you (*ot Stanley*) as Mr. Grieser, from Hastings, Michigan, tell him you came to Chicago to purchase a bill of clothing.

DALY. Capital, I can assure you.

STAN. I am in no mood for sport of any kind.

*Enter JAKEY EINSTEIN, D. in FL. (Music.)*

JAKEY. Go right ahead with your work, you are not disturbing me.

HAR. (*Running and climbing to transom*) His room, (*beckons Daly, Carroll and Stanley, who climb to transom*) and in conversation with the chambermaid.

JEAN. Oh, it is you Mr.—but you will excuse me, I will come and finish my work when you have vacated the room.

JAKEY. Don't leave on my accunt, I dink you're a very nice young girl.

JEAN. Oh, zat is vot peeble call flattery, is it not?

JAKEY. I beg your difference my dear young shicksa, dot is no tiffy.

JEAN. You mind your own business.

JAKEY. Dots my business.

JEAN. You're very smart aint you?

JAKEY. Do you dink so?

JEAN. And beautiful too!

JAKEY. I like dot musik. Say, I am a booty good looking fellow, aint I?

JEAN. Most beautiful Monsieur, such a lovely big nose, such a massive growth of hair on ze top of ze head, such a dignified appearance, in fact the most perfect model of manhood I have ever seen.

JAKEY. I like dot musik. (*Enter BILL, D. in FL.*)

BILL. Making love to my Jeannette bids defiance to the nick of the woods. His blood shall pay the penalty.

HAR. The Jealous lover.

DALY. Clever, I can assure you.

JEAN. (*Laughing.*) You will not fail to give me one of your photographs before you leave.

JAKEY. You shall have the whole gallery, darling. I love you.

BILL. O, let me thump him in the teeth.

JEAN. I am so glad you love me. You are calling me darling too soon, though.

JAKEY. Don't say that. Lets get married. Fly with me birdie.

BILL. You'll get murdered.

JEAN. My dear young gentleman you must give me time to consider. Your sudden proposal has quite taken my breath away. Ah, I do not even know your name.

JAKEY. My name is Einstein—Jakey Einstein.

BILL. Your name is mud.

JEAN. Well Mr. Einstein, I am already engaged, and my intended is such a powerful man that if he caught you here he would want to fight you.

JAKEY. Fight me! I like dot musik. See on my bended knees I swear (*kneels*)

HAR. }

DALY. }

CARR. }

STAN. }

JAKEY. Stay there!

BILL. (*Gets Jakey by collar*) Hey, there!. (*Jeannette screams. Exit D. in FL.*) Do you know what I am going to do with you?

JAKEY. Here, you tear my coat! Let go you loafer. A shaney shlemosal.

BILL. Not till I've shook de stuffin' out of you.

JAKEY. (*Pointing to stomach*) Dot aint stuffing, dots real.

BILL. You've been making love to my sweetheart.

JAKEY. Who, Milnie Palmer? Call her back and I'll apologize.

BILL. No, you settle with me. Put up your fins.

HAR. Fight him Jakey.

JAKEY. Dere's a barticular friend of mine up dere, lick him, I'm sick.

BILL. You'll be worse when I get through with you.

JAKEY. Let go my coat.

HAR. Sick him Jap.

BILL. (*Hits Jakey in eye, Jakey falls.*)

HAR. Time.

BILL. Dats de kind of a hair pin I am.

JAKY. A hair pin! I dout you was a crow bar.

BILL. I must have blood.

JAKY. Well go down to the slaughter house and get it. I aint no blood. (*Arises. Business on table, bureau, etc. Harrington and Daly pull him through transom. Falls in Apt. R.*)

BILL. I must have blood! blood! (*Exit D. in FL.*)

HAR. Jakey, whats the matter, why don't you get up.

JAKY. I cant, I cant, I'm all out of breeze.

HAR. I've got a customer for you, Jakey.

JAKY. (*Arising quickly*) A customer? I feel better now.

HAR. I thought that would revive you. Mr. Grieser allow me to introduce you to Mr. Einstein, he is representing one of our best New York clothing houses. I am sure it will pay you to look at his samples.

JAKY. Mr. Greaser, I am delightful to meet you. I am representing Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co., manufacturers of mens youths and boys clothing, and I have got the nicest line of goods of any man in the business. I am sel ing my goods twenty per cent-cheaper than any oder New York house. I have got all the latest importunities of the season; frock suits, Prince Alberts, four-button cutaways, Mr. Grieser, and excuse me are you a yeaoodo.

STAN. (*Bus.*) What's that, a hoodo?

JAKY. No, no, I mean are you the gentleman who does the buying. What I say about my goods is all right, aint it Valter. Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co., make good fitting goods Mr. Grieser—did you ever meet Mr. Rosenthal. He's got a boy named Moses; dere is a fine by Mr. Grieser. Moses is only eighteen years old and his father gives him an interest in the business next year. Some beeples who sell goods on the road talk too much. Aint it so Mr. Grieser. I don't believe in dot brinciple.

DALY. I thought you were all out of breeze. I did, I can assure you.

JAKY. Mr. Grieser, don't mind dot fellow. Its very strange I cant talk when any one else is standing around. Now Mr. Grieser if you will step into my sample room I will show you the best line of goods that was ever manufactured.

HAR. Jakey, you want to talk to this man, he is a hard man to sell to.

STAN. Not necessary to say any more. Your arguments

in favor of Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co., have won the day.

HAR. And we'll all go into your sample room.

STAN. And if prices are right, will purchase a bill of goods.

JAKY. Then come along and I'll show you Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co.'s latest production. I haven't opened my drunks for two monds; I hope the moths haven't got into my cloding.

CARROLL. I will join you soon.

JAKY. I don't like company.

DALY. Oh, yes, we must all join you. We must, I can assure you.

JAKY. I like dot music. (*Exit D. in FR.*)

CARROLL. I have a few words to say to Mr. Daly, but will join you presently. (*Exit HAR. D. in FR.*)

STAN. Don't fail to come to number ten. (*Exit D. in FL.*)

CARROLL. You need have no fears. (*Enter JEAN. D. in FR.*) Curse you, I hate you. I will pretend friendship, but to-night in this very room I will throw aside the mask I wear, and then, William Stanley, you are ruined forever. But come, or our absence will be noticed. (*Exit with DALY, D. in FR.*)

JEAN. (*Advancing.*) What did he mean? Curse you, I hate you. He will pretend friendship, but to-night he will throw aside the mask he wears, and then, William Stanley, you are ruined forever. Who is this William Stanley, and why should he wish his ruin? I will watch that man, and if he means harm to an innocent person, I will thwart his plans. I must hide, but where? I have it; in the wardrobe. Now, sir, the sooner you begin the performance, the better I like it. (*Enters wardrobe.*)

JAKY. (*Opening D. L.*) Walk right in. This is my sample room. (*Enter JAKY, STAN. and HAR., D. in FL.*)

HAR. Jakey, you're a brave man.

JAKY. Why you say dot, Valter?

HAR. Because you trust your body on such weak legs.

JAKY. I like dot musik. (*Enter DALY and CARR., D in FL.*)

STAN. I say, Mr. Einstein, I'm very thirsty. Would you ring for some water.

JAKY. (*Taps bell*) I'll have some brought up ride away.

HAR. Say, Jakey, Mr. Greiser would prefer wine. He is a little delicate about asking for it, but you must know how to entertain your trade, you know.

Jakey. I can't stand it.

HAR. (*Trips him*) Sit down then. (*Helps him up*) Oh, forgive me. An accident, I can assure you. (*Enter BELL BOY, D. in FL.*) A quart of Clicquot. Charge it to ten.

Jakey. I like dot music.

HAR. Jakey, give us a song.

Jakey. I'm a good singer, aint it Valter?

HAR. You're a good one. Fire away, Jakey. (*Jakey sings, Bell boy enters with wine. Burton pours it out.*)

Jakey. Now, Mr. Grieser, I would call your barticular addendion to dot four button cut-away. Its—

STAN

CAR.

HAR.

DALY

} (*Sings*) Heres to wine! To glorious wine!  
Cluck! Cluck! Cluck! Cluck! Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!  
Here's to wine, etc.

Jakey. Gentlemen, dis vas no opera house. Of you want to sing, go ouside.

HAR. Excellent wine, indeed! Here's to the health of Jakey Einstein, on of the finest salesmen on the road. Hip, hip, hurrah!

Jakey. I like dot musik. Gentlemen, fun is fun. Now you drink your wine and be quiet.

CAR. (*Taps bell*) Certainly, Mr. Einstein, if you insist.

Jakey. What you want now? Why you ring dot bell?

HAR. Don't get excited, Jakey. (*Bell boy enters.*)

DALY. Another quart of Cliquot. Charge it to ten. (*Bell boy exit D. in FL.*)

Jakey. Valter, dis is humbug. Do you want to get shicker at my expense?

HAR. Why, Jakey, I'm ashamed of you. If you want to sell Mr. Grieser a bill, you must show your liberality. He'll buy two or three thousand dollars worth of goods of you.

Jakey. Two or three thousand? I like dot music. Mr. Grieser, I would call your barticular addendion to dot four button cutaway. It's a daisy; all wool and warranted not to fade.

HAR. (*Sings*) Climbing up the golden stairs, etc.

Jakey. (*Jumping on table*) Gentlemen, business is business, but monkey business is no business at all.

HAR.

DALY.

CAR.

STAN.

} (*Sings*) Climbing up the golden stairs, etc. (*Lifting table to transom. Jakey takes off coat, jumps to stage with arm full of coats.*)

Jakey. Mr. Grieser, I would call your barticulat addendion to dot four button cutaway.

DALY (*Takes box of cigars from Jakey's valise*) Have a cigar, Mr. Einstein. Deucedly fine ones, I can assure you.

JAKY. Dose are my cigars. You put dose back in my valise, du gonoff.

STAN. Now, gentlemen, you must not annoy us any further. If I wish to purchase a bill of goods of Mr. Einstein, I must do so at once.

HAR. Certainly, Mr. Grieser, if we are annoying you, we will leave. (*Exit DALY, BUR., HAR., D. in FL. laughing. Enter D. in FL.*)

JAKY. Masel truf. Now, Mr. Grieser, I would call your barticular addendion to dot four button cutaway; its a daisy, all wool, and worronted not to fade. I sell you dot suit for twelve dollars, and I give you my word and honor I sell you dot suit two dollars less than any other man in the business.

STAN. I dont wish any of those.

JAKY. What's dot? Don't wish any of those? Mr. Grieser, if dere vas a banana peel on one side of the street, and you could walk on this side, you don't walk on the banana peel, certainly not. If I sell you dot suit two dollars cheaper than any other man, you don't buy them from any 'body else, certainly not. How many of those do you want, Mr. Grieser?

STAN. I don't exactly like that.

JAKY. I like dot musik. Here's something fine in a satinet suit. I sell you dot suit for six dollars; Mr. Grieser, dots a dollar below cost.

STAN. I guess I don't want any of those.

JAKY. Don't want any of those? Mr. Grieser, are you a married man?

STAN. Yes, sir:

JAKY. Well, then, if I sell you goot butter for thirty-eight cents per pound, and my neighbor sells you strong butter for forty cents per pound, do you buy strong butter from my neighbor? Certainly not. You buy goot butter from me. Dots the way it is with that satinet suit.

STAN. I don't see anything that suits me.

JAKY. What's dot? Don't suit? Dot suit suits, and if dot suit don't suit, try some of those suits. I sell you dis suit for ten dollars; I guarantee it was no shoddy. Dot is Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co.'s latest production. Let me start you on those Prince Alberts.

STAN. Good-day, Mr. Einstein. (*Exit D. in FL. Enter D. in FR.*)

JAKY. Here, Mr. Grieser, don't go. I've got a good



bargain I want to show you. He's gone, two bottles of wine gone, and I am going mashucha. (*Throws himself on bed. Boys laugh.*) Dots ride, laugh. It's funny, ain't it? Wine! Oh! why didn't I order sarsaparilla water.

DALY. I say, Mr. Einstein, wont you join us in a game of cards? We'll make it pleasant for you, we will, I can assure you.

JAKY. Well, I guess not; I'm no spring chicken. But maybe I could win back what the wine and cigars cost. All right, boys, I'll be there right away. (*Goes in apt. R. All sit around table. Car. taps bell.*)

JAKY. I hate to win your money. Say, Mr. Grieser, I would call your barticular addention. (*BELL BOY enters.*)

CAR. Give your orders, gentlemen. (*Stan. deals.*)

HAR. Bring me a little lemon and sugar.

DALY. The same here.

STAN. I'll have a sherry flip.

JAKY. Are you going to charge this to number ten?

CAR. No, this is on me.

JAKY. Bring me a sherry flop, then.

CAR. I'll have a straight whisky. (*Exit BELL BOY, D. in FR.*)

STAN. I'll stay for one dollar.

DALY. I'll drop out. (*Jeannette peers from wardrobe. Daly fixes up a hand.*)

JAKY. I raise it five. (*Aside.*) Dot's a bluff.

CAR. That beats me. (*Boy enters with drinks. Drinks whisky.*) That cursed clicquot has gone into my head.

HAR. Lets me out. (*All drink.*)

STAN. It's you and I, Jakey.

JAKY. I'll bet one dollar.

CAR. Bring the same order again.

HAR. Bring me a cigar this time.

STAN. Here too. (*Boy exits D. in FR.*) Well, Jakey, I'll have to raise you five.

STAN. Who dealt those cards?

HAR. Jakey Einstein.

STAN. I pass.

JAKY. No Valter. I didn't dole de cards. Dot pays for the wine and cigars.

HAR. You're a good one, Jakey. (*Boy enters with drinks. All drink and smoke. Carr shows signs of drunkenness.*)

STAN. Burton, I am sorry to see you drink so much. Wine and whisky are a poor combination to keep sober on;



besides your house may hear of it.

CARR. What if they do. I'll drink when I please. If they don't like it, I'll get along with them. More whisky here.

HAR. And cigars for four. (*Exit BELL BOY. Music until curtain.*)

CARR. Give me one card.

JAKY. I'll stand pat. (*Aside.*) Dot's anoder bluff.

STAN. I'm out.

HAR. I don't want any of this.

DALY. I'll have one card. Your bet, Einstein.

JAKY. I'll bet twenty dollars.

CARR. You must have a good hand.

JAKY. A sure winner.

CARR. I'll see your twenty and go you fifty better. (*BELL BOY enters.*)

DALY. I'll see your fifty and raise you fifty.

JAKY. Say, I'll divide the pot with you.

CARR. (*Drinks.*) Do you call it or not?

JAKY. I can't; I'm busted.

DALY. Then you have a sight for the amount you put in. Come, Burton, do you call it. (*BELL BOY exits.*)

CARR. Don't be too fast. I see your fifty, and go you one hundred better.

DALY. Phew! I'll just raise you five hundred dollars.

CAR. There is the last dollar I have in the world. I call it. What have you got?

DALY. I have four aces. (*Shows hand. Jakey fall.*)

JAKY. I'm ruined.

CAR. You cheating scoundrel, you stole those cards.

DALY. You lie, Al. Burton, I got them square.

HAR. I am astonished. I thought we were playing with gentlemen. Come, Will, these men are no company for us. (*Exit D. in FR.*)

JAKY. I'll have to telegraph for more money (*Enter apt. R.*) I like dot music. (*Throws himself on bed.*)

STAN. Come, Burton. Mr. Daly is a friend of yours. I hardly think he would take advantage of you in a game of cards.

DALY. This insult I shall not forget, and when you are sober, rest assured, I shall demand an apology. (*Exit D. in FR.*)

STAN. Good night, sir, and may to-morrow see you in better spirits.

CAR. No, no, Stanley, do not leave me. The thought of what I have done, almost drives me mad.

STAN. Do not talk like this; surely the money you lost was your own.

CAR. No. It was money that I have collected, and should have returned to the house. My wife and children at home, and I disgraced. (*Draws revolver.*) Rather death than dishonor.

STAN. (*Stops him.*) Fool! What would you do?

CAR. Let go my hand.

STAN. I will not. You have diamonds in your trunk; why not pawn some of them and redeem them when your salary is due?

CAR. Diamonds? True, true. I must have whiskey. Some whiskey, I say.

STAN. You shall have no more to-night. Brace up, Burton, and be a sensible man. Whiskey has ruined better men than you or I.

CAR. I see them! Big black snakes crawling before me! Keep them off, I say! Keep them off!

STAN. It is nothing you see. Come, Burton, give me that revolver.

CAR. There, there, take it and keep them away from me. (*Hands revolver.*)

STAN. I must be going, Burton.

CAR. No, no. Do not leave me. I am mad; crazed with drink. If you leave me, God knows what I may do to myself.

STAN. Well, if I can be of any service, I will remain and lie on that sofa all night, and attend to your every want. (*Carroll swoons and falls on bed.*)

JAEKY. Besuffen. I like their musik.

STAN. Too bad! Too bad! Supposing I should have been the loser. I might have fared just as he did. I shudder to think of the result. No, from this night on, I swear never to touch another card. I must not sit up too late, as he may awake at any moment and require my services. (*Hangs coat on chair. Lies on sofa.*)

JAEKY. Nix we shlemosal. Nix we shlemosal. (*A knock.*) Come in. (*Enter BELL BOY, D. in FL. with telegram. Hands to Jaeky. Exits.*) (*Reads*) Your services have been very unsatisfactory. You say in Kansas City it snows; in Quincy it rains; in Hannibal it is very cold; in Chicago it is very windy. As we cannot afford to pay a traveling thermometer to inform us about the weather, you may come home at once. Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co. Discharged. I like dot musik. (*Throws himself on bed.*)

CAR. (*Arising*) He sleeps. I knew his sympathetic soul

too well to think that he would fail me. Ah! William Stanley, you stood between me and a fortune, but I'm not the man to give it up without a struggle. (*Goes to trunk, takes diamonds and places them in Stanley's pocket.*)

JAKY. I can't sleep a wink. I wonder where I left my coat. There it is up at the transom. I'll climb up and get it. (*Climbs to transom.*)

JEAN. (*From wardrobe.*) What beautiful diamonds! If they were only mine!

JAKY. Quiet, Jaky. You smell a mouse.

CAR. You robbed me of a fortune and a wife. Now bear the result. (*Taps bell.*)

JAKY. Dots good musik. I wonder what he's up to now. (*Enter BELL BOY, D.R.*)

CAR. (*To Bell boy*) Send out for a policeman at once; direct him to this room. (*BELL BOY exit.*) Now, my fine friend, prove your innocence if you can.

JEAN. He can! (*Springs from wardrobe.*)

JAKY. Dots right. Bust him up in business.

CAR. Woman, how come you here!

JEAN. I was hiding in that wardrobe. I know your plan, your intention.

CAR. What do you mean to do?

JEAN. To denounce you for the villain that you are, the moment the police arrive.

CAR. I'll kill you before they come.

JEAN. You dare not, for that would spoil your well laid plans.

CAR. Listen to me. I must have that man out of my way but for two short weeks. Let me carry out my intentions, and I'll make you rich.

JEAN. Rich!

CAR. Aye, rich. One thousand dollars now (*produces money*), five thousand and that man's pardon two weeks from to-day. Your answer, quick, he awakes.

JEAN. (*Takes money.*) I accept, but may God forgive me for it. (*Exit in closet, R. 3 E.*)

JAKY. I wonder what they were talking about. (*Carroll lies on bed. Stanley arises.*)

STAN. I thought I heard voices in this room; everything seems quiet. I hear hurried footsteps in the hall (*a knock*) they are knocking at this door.

CAR. (*Arises. Seizes Stanley.*) No, you shall not escape me! (*Officers enter.*)

STAN. Madman, what do you mean?

CAR. I mean that while I lay on that bed, you were tampering with those trunks.

STAN. You are mad; crazed with drink.

CAR. I am as sane as you are. Officers, search his coat.  
(*Officers search coat; find diamonds.*)

STAN. Those diamonds in my pocket? Villain, you have put them there.

CAR. 'Tis false!

JAKY. 'Tis true. I saw you do it.

TABLEAU. CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

ACT 2D.—Scene—*Farnsworth office and salesroom. Bob and Bill (dis.) seated in office L. and Farnsworth (dis.) seated in private office R.*

FARNS. Bob.

BOB. Yes sir. (*Enters private office.*)

FARNS. Mr. Carroll has not put in an appearance yet to-day?

BOB. Haven't seen him sir.

FARNS. Robert, do you ever associate with Carroll?

BOB. No sir.

FARNS. Know nothing of his companions, his habits, or where he spends the most of his evenings.

BOB. No sir, don't believe I ever met him outside of the office.

FARNS. That will do, and by the way Robert, how does the new stock clerk, Jakey Einstein seem to manage his affairs.

BOB. Very clever indeed, he is a comical genius, full of life, but never neglects his work or makes a mistake that I know of.

FARNS. His previous employers recommended him as being thoroughly honest and capable but a non-success as a traveling salesman, and that reminds me, they sent a letter here to-day for him, it was sent in their care, when he comes in hand it to him. (*Robert takes letter. Farnsworth takes up hat.*) I am going out, should any one call say I shall not return this afternoon, and when you leave see that the place is securely locked—that is all. (*Robert enters apartment L.*) I believe that is all for the present, but there is something I intended to do before leaving, what is it? I have it, the will must be destroyed at once, (*stoops to safe*) but no, I will wait until to-morrow. (*Arises. Leaves office. Goes to door.*) Remember Robert, see that everything is securely locked. Exit D. in F. L.)

ROB. Yes sir! I say Dan, the governor 'll be out all afternoon, can't we have some sport?

DAN. How will we manage it.

ROB. I'll tell you we'll play a joke on Jakey Einstein.

DAN. Good, what will it be.

ROB. I have it, we'll tie a rope across the door, watch for him until he comes, and when he does come let him tumble to our racket.

DAN. That's good but that'll on'y last a few minutes.

ROB. Oh! he'll do something more to amuse us, we must initiate our new men you know, but get the rope quick he is likely to be here at any moment. (*Bill gets rope. Fixes Robert. Puts pins in his seat.*)

DAN. I am all ready, let the fun begin. (*Music.*)

ROB. Just in time for here he comes. (*Enter Jakey. Falls over rope.*)

JAKEY. Well, I like dot musik.

ROB. What are you tumbling all over the floor for.

JAKEY. I am practicing for the next fall when I join the managerie.

DAN. What for, a curiosity?

JAKEY. No for a glass to put a curiosity in.

ROB. What kind of a glass.

JAKEY. A tumbler. (*All laugh. Slap Jakey on the back.*) Dot's a good joke, aint it?

DAN. Say, sit down and tell us a story.

JAKEY. Has de proprietor gone out.

ROB. Yes, he'll be away all afternoon.

JAKEY. I like dot, well I am going to tell you about de time I used to dravel for Bergenose, Rosenthal & Co., manufacturers of mens, youths and boys clothing.

DAN. Well, sit down.

JAKEY. (*Sits down. Arises quickly. Addressing chair.*) Don't abologise.

DAN. Talking to the chair. I can't see the point.

JAKEY. No, but I felt it.

ROB. Don't let a little thing like that annoy you, sit down.

JAKEY. No, dank you, I will stand up. But-I say, we have no time to waste. You must charge dat bill of goods to Fridenhamer, Felsenthal, Orafferty & Co., Minnieopolice, Minnesota.

ROB. Tell us something about yourself, first; some interesting adventure about you travels. We have the whole afternoon before us, and can finish our work later.

JAKY. Well, I'll go you.

ROB. Have a smoke, Jaky.

JAKY. What is dis?

ROB. That is an intimidad,

JAKY. It looks like a stump of my dad.

ROB. That's a good cigar, Jaky.

JAKY. I'll know more about it when I smoke it. Well, I'll tell you about de time I draveled for for Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co., manufacturers of mens' youths' and boys' clothing. I was stopping at the Palmer House in Chicago, and got acquainted with two or three draveling men. Dere was a fellow named Walter Harrington, Frank Daly, and another fellow named Burton. Dey were all barticular friends of mine.

ROB. They were, eh?

JAKY. Yes. They would take a drink with me every time I asked them. Well, de introduced me to a man named Greaser, who came to Chicago to buy a bill of goods. Well, I could have sold him a two or three thousand dollar bill, but he could not give good references, so I did not send the order in. I wanted to get even with dat fellow for making me all dat trouble, so I played him a game of poker to get even. (*Business with loaded cigar.*) Dats an illuminator.

ROB. And you got even I suppose.

JAKY. I won a thousand dollars. I tell you dot was a heavy game. Well I got busted, and was laying on my bed wondering how I was going to get out of town.

DAN. Busted? I thought you said you won a thousand dollars.

JAKY. Well I did, but the fellow owes it to me.

ROB. Will he ever pay you?

JAKY. He is as good as wheat. Well I was laying on my bed when a boy bring me a telegram from my house stating they would dissolve partnership—Mr. Rosenthal's son, Moses, taking an interest in the business—and requesting me to take the next train home, and starting out with the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la, but that has nothing to do with the case, tra le. I was laying on me bed, got up to get my coat which happened to be near the transom, and what do you suppose I saw.

ROB. I don't know, what did you see?

JAKY. Dot son of a gun that owed me de dousand dollars was putting some diamonds in Mr. Grieser's pocket.

DAN. Wanted to surprise him I suppose with a valuable present.

Jakey. No sir, wanted to have him arrested for stealing the diamonds. Oh, he's a big rascal.

Rob. The fellow that owes you the thousand dollars.

Jakey. Yes sir, he is the worst scoundrel outside of the penitentiary.

Dan. I thought you said he was as good as wheat.

Jakey. Well he is, but de wheat crop is bad dis year. Well he goes to the door, sends out for a policeman, and swears he stole de diamonds.

Rob. And your evidence clears him.

Jakey. Well I should hope so, but I don't know, I left my deposition explaining all I knew about the case. I pawned my watch to come home and dots all I know about it.

Rob. Quite an adventure, now we'll have to put up that bill of goods. Have another cigar Jakey.

Jakey. Not this fourth of July, I am not fond of fireworks.

Rob. Say Bill, its no use of you staying here any longer Einstein and I can attend to the rest of the work ourselves.

Dan. All right. Over the reservoir, Jakey. (*Exit D. in F. L.*)

Jakey. Fall in the sewer. (*Goes to counter.*) Are you you ready Bob.

Rob. Yes, go ahead.

Jakey. Charge Friedenheimer, Fetsenthal, Moriarity & Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Rob. Yes.

Jakey. Lot dwo, dwo, ought four, six satinet suits at seven dollars.

Rob. Check.

Jakey. Got dot.

Rob. Yes, go on.

Jakey. Lot skiventy-skiven, shicksta six, three all-wool cottonade doeskin suit.

Rob. What kind of a suit do you call that.

Jakey. That's a plaid mixture.

Rob. I should say it was a mixture—at

Jakey. At one dollar and a half.

Rob. At a dollar and a half.

Jakey. Oh, excuse me, I made a slight mistake, I mean fifteen dollars.

Rob. That's different.

Jakey. Lot twenty-three, forty-three, six pair cassimere what the dogs do.

Rob. What the dogs do?



JAKFY. Yes, pants, dots a choke.

ROB. That's a chestnut.

JAKFY. If you would have hollered rats the pants would have run away. (*Robert pulls out a handkerchief. Drops letter.*)

ROB. Oh, that's for you, I'd almost forgotten to hand it to you.

JAKFY. A letter for me. I wonder who it is from. (*Opens and reads.*) Mr. Jacob Einstein, Esq. (*Dots's me.*) Dear Sir: I suppose you are not aware of the fact that the supposed customer you had during your last visit to the Palmer House at Chicago, was Wm. Stanley a traveling man, and not Mr. Grieser as you imagined. (*I knew that all the time.*) He was as you are already aware, arrested for stealing diamonds. You know, also, that he is perfectly innocent of the charge, and you should do all in your power to liberate him, who has been sentenced to one year in the Illinois state prison. I am sure his wife is ignorant of this affair, and it rests upon you to break the sad news to her. The woman that you claim you saw aiding the villian in his vile scheme can nowhere be found. There is only one woman who might be suspected of complicity, and that is the chamber maid at the hotel, who disappeared the morning after the robbery, and has not been heard from since, but as she has always born a good reputation, the suspicions are supposed to be without foundation; at any rate it remains for you to clear up the matter. Again calling your attention to the necessity of immediate action. I am, as ever your friend,

WALTER HARRINGTON.

I say Robert you know dot fellow Mr. Grieser as I was telling you about.

ROB. Well.

JAKFY. His right name is William Stanley.

ROB. William Stanley?

JAKFY. Dots what I said. Well de oder fellow put dose diamonds in his pocket, dey paid no attention to my deposition and sent him to states prison for one year.

ROB. Stanley in prison.

JAKFY. Do you know him?

ROB. Do I know him, he was formerly assistant book-keeper in this office.

JAKFY. Is dot possibility, but where can I find his wife.

ROB. At No. 16 Tenth street, between Broadway and University place. Hurry there and be sure to return before closing hour.

JAKEY. I'll be back in a hell of an hour. (*Enter Carroll D. in F. L. Jakey runs against him. Jakey eyes him.*)

CAR. Don't apologize.

JAKEY. I beg your difference if I did. (*Exit D. in FL.*)

ROB. Why Mr. Carroll you are quite a stranger.

CAR. Yes I have been absent about two weeks I believe.

ROB. Detained on some important business no doubt.

CAR. Not exactly. My poor mother was not expected to live, my friends wired me to come home at once. I remained with her too long weeks expecting every moment to be her last, but things took a change for the better. She is now able to be about, and I returned to resume my duties. But by the way, who is the fellow that just left here.

ROB. Our new stock clerk, Jacob Einstein.

CAR. How long has he been here.

ROB. Nearly one week.

CAR. Nearly one week? Where is Mr. Farnsworth?

ROB. He has left the office to be gone all day, says he will not return until to-morrow.

CAR. Good.

ROB. Sir!

CAR. I beg pardon, I meant to say I was sorry. I had some very important business to communicate. Robert would you mind doing me an errand.

ROB. There is no one here to take my place.

CAR. I will remain until you return, you need not necessarily be gone more than ten minutes. I have a hack outside, the driver already knows where to drive you to.

ROB. Is it important.

CAR. It is an affair of life or death. I trust you will not refuse to go. I would deliver the message myself only I have an appointment here which I can not break. Come, you will take the message.

ROB. Yes, to accommodate you I will, but they must drive fast as I must be back in ten minutes. (*Exit D. in F. L.*)

CAR. You'll be lucky to return in ten hours, ha! ha! another obstacle removed, now let me see. Farnsworth has received my note and has gone on his fool errand, he will not return to-day. Robert out of the way I can easily accomplish my design when she comes. I have sent her a note bearing her fathers signature asking to meet me here at four. It is now three. I have one hour to complete my work. Ah! William Stanley you little dream that your darling wife will soon be in my power, and you a prisoner as you are, can do nothing to aid her; and when she's flown away where you

can never find her again, I will procure your pardon, have you liberated so that you may come back, find your home deserted, and thus dread the day you ever crossed my path. Now let me see, I must have means, here goes for a pull at the safe. (*Enter apartment R. Music. Goes to safe. Opens it. Takes out drawer.*) A lucky find, fifteen hundred dollars in currency, I wonder what his private drawer contains, its locked. (*Takes screw driver from desk. Breaks lock.*) Damn it there's not a cent in it. What's this. (*Finds will.*) Last will and testament of Elizabeth Danforth, New York, December 25, 1857. I do hereby will and bequeath all my property, real estate, moneys, bonds, etc., to my only surviving heir, Mary E. Danforth, and do appoint Archibald Farnsworth as her guardian. It shall be said Archibald Farnsworth's sacred duty (*Enter Jeannette D. in F. L.*) to invest her moneys in safe and sound investments, the interest thereon to be given to said Archibald Farnsworth for the safe and honest attention to his trust, and in the event of her becoming of age, the money to be turned over to her in full. (*Jeannette listens at door*) I need read no further, so Archibald Farnsworth, Mary Stanley is not your child, and you are depriving her of all knowledge of the existence of this will. (*Looks at watch.*) It is now half past three, in one-half hour all will be well. (*Goes in apartment L. Starts.*)

CAR. You here.

JEAN. Excuse me, but I was not aware of ever meeting you before. Oh, yes! (*Laughs.*) My, but what a changed appearance.

CAR. Fool that I should forget in my excitement to lock the door.

JEAN. I declare if it was not for the familiarity of your voice I should never have known you.

CAR. What do you want here.

JEAN. You do not appear to be at all glad to see me, how unkind monsieur.

CAR. What do you want?

JEAN. Nothing monsieur, from you only to tell you that I am heartsick at the thought of the part I have taken in this game of yours.

CAR. It is too late to repent now.

JEAN. It is not too late.

CAR. What do you mean.

JEAN. Listen and I will explain. The night zat you placed those diamonds in William Stanley's pocket, and I witnessed the vile act, I allowed myself to accept your hush

money, and even later, allowed myself to be bought off from appearing in the case and hid myself here in New York. I had a desire to become wealthy, and upon your promise that the mystery should be cleared up in two weeks. I thought why should one man not suffer for two weeks, when by his suffering I will gain a start in life and perhaps become a wealthy woman. I thought there was some justice in this, but I find you have done nothing to clear this matter at all.

CAR. Well.

JEAN. Well I am tired of those feelings of suspense, and demand that steps be taken at once to clear him of this foul charge against him.

CAR. In about a week.

JEAN. No you must begin this very day.

CAR. And should I refuse.

JEAN. Then I will denounce you for the villain that you are. Your answer.

CAR. It is unwise to continue this conversation here, come into this office. (*Enters office.*)

JEAN. As you wish it. (*Enters office.*) Now monsieur I demand your answer.

CAR. My answer is do your worst, the man that placed those diamonds in William Stanley's pocket is Albert Burton, my name is Richard Carroll.

JEAN. But they are one and the same person.

CAR. You cannot prove it, and if you could, you dare not.

JEAN. And why not.

CAR. Because you are my accomplice, and if I am punished you will also share my fate.

JEAN. I will explain all, my act, the cause. I will be believed and set at liberty, while you will reap the punishment.

CAR. Try it, and you will learn how poor your defense would be. You know nothing.

JEAN. More than you think for. I know Mrs. Stanley. I know that she is wealthy and is heiress to a vast estate. You covet her fortune. You have an appointment to meet her here this very hour, and I know you intend.

CAR. Damn it, woman, you know too much. (*Shoots her. Screams and falls.*) Great God, what have I done. I have killed her. What's to be done, shall this crime be fastened upon me at the very moment of my success. It lacks about fifteen minutes of the time when Mrs. Stanley should be here. I must fire the building and thereby destroy all

evidence of my guilt. (*Enters office. Locks door. Un-  
roots a bolt of cloth.*) This saturated with coal oil, and one  
stroke of the match, and nothing will be left to tell the tale.  
(*Gets oil can. Pours on to cloth. Lights match. Enter Mrs.  
Stanley D. in F. R. Carroll blows out match.*) Damnation!

MRS. STANLEY. Richard Carroll you here? Where is my  
father?

CAR. Your father has left the city, will not return until  
to-morrow.

MRS. STAN. He wrote me a let'er asking me to meet  
him here at exactly this hour. 'Tis strange he should absent  
himself.

CAR. Mary it was not your father who wrote that letter,  
it was I who did it.

MRS. STAN. And forged my fathers name.

CAR. Aye. Mary I knew you would not come at my  
request, so I used a little strategy to bring you.

MRS. STAN. So, and for what purpose?

CAR. I have sad and painful news to impart.

MRS. STAN. Well.

CAR. Of your dear husband.

MRS. STAN. What of him?

CAR. He is in the Illinois states prison, a convicted  
felon.

MRS. STAN. Oh! no, no, you do not speak the truth.  
(*Screams*)

CAR. It is indeed true. Oh, Mary that you should have  
thrown away your life on one so worthless. (*Grasps her  
hand.*)

MRS. STAN. Let go my hand.

CAR. Mary I swear that I love you, can never live with-  
out you.

MRS. STAN. Let go my hand I say or I shall arouse the  
neighborhood with my screams.

CAR. Do not speak like this. I could make you happy,  
bring you back to your father's home with wealth and splen-  
der at your command. It is not too late, fly with me, and—

MRS. STAN. So, Richard Carroll, this is why you sent for  
me, to insult a poor helpless woman during her husbands ab-  
sence. My Will a prisoner? I'll not believe it.

CAR. Yes he is a guilty and a dishonored man.

MRS. STAN. 'Tis false, he may be convicted, but he is  
innocent. This is some vile plot against him.

CAR. Who would plot against him.

MRS. STAN. You would, for you are a coward and a villain.

CAR. You are mistaken, I have always professed the profoundest friendship for Will.

MRS. STAN. We are no strangers to your friendship, Richard Carroll. It was you who caused my father to make home a burden to me, because I married William Stanley and rejected you. It was you who made Will appear guilty of theft, and this is what you call profound friendship. Know you Richard Carroll, that I would rather live in poverty with he I love, than to be returned to my fathers home as your wife with wealth at my command.

CAR. Ready! Daly. (*Whistle outside.*) And know you madam that I will force you to do as I will it. I have a cab in waiting outside. You will be dragged away from your friends and there remain until you consent. Hello, Daly, quick.

MRS. STAN. (*Screams.*) Help! help! help! (*Enter Jakey Einstein D. in F. R. Grabs Carroll. Carroll throws him off. Exit D. in F. L. Jakey falls.*)

JAKY. Well, I like dot music.

MRS. STAN. Oh, sir, you have arrived in time. Thank God, thank God.

JAKY. What's de matter any how.

MRS. STAN. That villian would have dragged me away were it not for your timely arrival.

JAKY. Well maybe its a good thing I didn't find the lady I was looking for. You see I was up on Tenth street in a boarding house looking for a lady, and they told me to sit down and wait, as Mrs. Stanley said she would be back—

MRS. STAN. Mrs. Stanley!

JAKY. Yes, they said she would be back by five o'clock, and as I had an important message for her—

MRS. STAN. An important message for her—I am Mrs. Stanley.

JAKY. Is dot so. Well, I like dot music. (*Jeanette tosses about in apartment R.*) Well my name is Einstein, Jakey Einstein, I used to dravel for Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co., manufacturers of mens, youths and boys clothing.

MRS. STAN. We l, sir, what was the message you had for me, quick. I pray you.

JAKY. Well you see I was draveling for Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co., manufacturers of mens, youths and boys clothing, and I had the finest line of goods of any man in the business.

MRS. STAN. (*Weeping.*) What is all this to me.

JAKY. As I said before, I was draveling for Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co., manufacturers of mens, youths and boys clothing, and I had the finest line of goods of any man in the business.

MRS. STAN. I pray you sir, your message.

JAKY. Wait a minute, I'll come to the point ride away. Now don't say someding till I tole you noding. I was draveling for Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co., manufacturers of mens, youths and boys clothing. I am not with that house any more, I could have kept my job but my house kicked at my expenses, so I got mad and quit.

MRS. STAN. (*Drops in chair.*) My heart is breaking.

JAKY. Don't cry Mrs. Stanley, you make hot water come oud all over my eys. I am a little incomprehensibility, but I will come to the point ride away. You see, as I said before, I was draveling for—well never mind about dot—I have someding to say about your husband.

MRS. STAN. What do you know about him?

JAKY. Well you see when I draveled for Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co., manufacturers of mens, youths and boys clothing, I met your husband at the Palmer house in Chicago, dots a good house, too, I stopped there, and he was arrested for stealing a lot of diamonds. I know your husband did not steal dose diamonds and I meant to have him out of prison.

MRS. STAN. Oh, if what you say to be true, why, oh, why did you not save him from this terrible disgrace. (*Carroll throws lighted cotton in at window.*)

JAKY. Dots what I wanted to tell you all the time. You see when I draveled for the clothing house, I believe I mentioned dere name once to you before, my house sent me a very insulting telegram stating they did not need any traveling thermometers on the road, and I got mad and quit on dat account. I had not any money, and as walking was bad, I had to leave Chicago that night. I left my deposition mit a liar there, but I spoke about a man named Grieser, and dere being no one dere by dot name, de give him one year.

MRS. STAN. How came you to make this terrible mistake.

JAKY. De boys introduced him to me as Grieser, and I didn't know the difference until to-day when I received a letter from Walter Harrington giving me the right name and address.

MRS. STAN. This is terrible. If what you say be true, my husband must be free at once. My God! what's that. (*Fire is seen.*)



JAKY. De house is on fire. Oh, for a fire extinguisher.

MRS. STAN. We must leave at once. (*Tries door.*) We are locked in. What's to be done.

JAKY. Wait, I'll call the fire department. (*Goes to apartment P.*) This door is locked too. I like dot music. I'll climb into the office. Fire! fire! (*Gets caught on hook.*) Quick, Mrs. Stanley, take the axe from the side and break in the door. (*Mrs. S. takes axe. Breaks door. Jakey turns American District Apparatus.* There is a women lying insensible on the floor. (*Fire rages. Firemen enter with extinguishers and put hose on Jakey. Mrs. Stanley drags Jeanette to door. Curtain on picture.*)



### ACT III.

ACT 3D—Scene 1st—*Interior of C. B. & Q. waiting room in two.*

CAR. Daly is nowhere to be found at the time I need him the most. Einstein has found Mrs. Stanley and together they intend to go to Joliet. I have succeeded in putting that French girl out of the way, but notwithstanding my efforts to rid myself of that cursed Jew, he still manages to evade me. (*Enter Daly in F. L.*) The very man I wish to see. What made you keep me waiting so long.

DALY. Business of importance, Burton, I can assure you.

CAR. My name is Carroll now, and don't you forget it, please.

DALY. A slip of the tongue, I can assure you.

CAR. See that it doesn't occur again. Where have you been.

DALY. At the Michigan Central depot. Mrs. Stanley and Jakey Einstein have arrived on last train and will be here as fast as the omnibus can bring them; they will, I can assure you, and intend to leave on the 11:30 train for Joliet.

CAR. They must not leave.

DALY. They shall not leave.

CAR. How can we prevent them.

DALY. Hush, here comes Walter Harrington.

CAR. Find out his lay.

DALY. I will, I can assure you. Why, Harrington, you haven't forgotten your old friend, Daly, I hope.

HAR. I'll trouble you not to speak to me sir. A ticket to Bloomington, please.

DALY. Why Harrington, how have I displeased you?  
(*Harrington gets ticket.*)

HAR. You plotted against and were instrumental in having a dear old friend of mine sent to prison convicted of a crime you knew he never committed. Had I then known what I know now, you would never have succeeded in your vile scheme.

DALY. Walter these charges are unjust, on my honor as a traveling man.

HAR. Your honor as a traveling man, I don't believe you ever traveled to sell goods in your life, it is such men as you who are a disgrace to honest traveling men.

DALY. You are very complimentary indeed, but I hope some day you will learn that I am perfectly innocent of these charges.

HAR. Injured innocence. Had I the time at my disposal, I would favor you with a few more choice epithets, Mr. confidence man. (*Exit D. in F. L.*)

DALY. Damn his impudent tongue, but he knows nothing of the existence of Mrs. Stanley in Chicago, his ticket was for Bloomington. (*Enter Jeanette door in F. L. disguised as apple woman.*)

JEAN. Apples! apples! oranges!

CAR. No, damn it, no.

DALY. Hush, here they come.

CAR. Shall we allow them to leave.

DALY. No.

CAR. How can we prevent them.

DALY. Leave that to me, come. (*Retire R. 1 E. Enter Jakey and Mrs. Stanley. Other passengers D. in F. L. Music.*)

JEAN. Apples! apples! oranges.

JAKY. Come along Mrs. Stanley, we got a cheap bus ride, aint it Mrs. Stanley. When I used to dravel for Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co., manufacturers of mens, youths and boys clothing and I would get a free ride, I would always charge the house a couple of dollars for hack fare, so were a couple dollars ahead, aint it.

MRS. STAN. How can I ever repay you for the kindness you have shown me.

JAKY. Dots all ride, I am only sorry I haven't got some musumen to pay the expenses myself.

MRS. STAN. (*Carroll x. to dis. in F. L. Exits.*) My purse is nearly exhausted.

JAKY. Oh, I'll get a reduced rate. You go to the car and take a seat and I'll be there right away. (*Mrs. Stanley retires to D. Jakey goes to window.*) Two tickets for Joliet.

AGENT. Two forty.

JAKY. What's dot?

AGENT. Two forty.

JAKY. My friend you are mistaken.

AGENT. Am I? that's strange; come now, there are other passengers waiting. The fare to Joliet is one dollar and twenty cents.

JAKY. Oh, you don't know me, I get a deatrical rate.

AGENT. A what kind of a rate?

JAKY. A deatrical rate.

AGENT. Oh, a theatrical rate. Are you an actor?

JAKY. Am I an actor, I thought everybody knowed me.

AGENT. What is your line?

JAKY. Clothing—no, I am Irish comedian.

DALY. (*Advances. Lays wallet on window.*) Mister, you dropped your wallet. (*Enter Carroll and police.*)

JAKY. What's dot, a bocket book mit good money in it. I like dot musik. Here Mr. give me those tickets.

DEPOT MASTER. All aboard, Chicago & Alton for Joliet, Bloomington, Kansas City.

CAR. That's your man, see in his hand he holds the wallet he stole from my pocket

JAKY. (*Throws book.*) Your book? take it, a fellow just give me that. (*Enter Daly D. in F. L.*)

CAR. (*Laughing.*) A likely story.

JAKY. Dis is a joke you are drying to play on me. I got no time to fool mit you, I must go on this train. (*Enter Mrs. S. D. in F. L. Train bells ring.*)

MRS. STAN. Oh, Mr. Einstein you have not a moment to lose.

JAKY. Oh, Mrs. Stanley you must go down alone, I am arrested.

MRS. STAN. What shall I do! What shall I do.

CAR. I will accompany you if you will permit me.

MRS. STAN. You here, I see it all now. Officers believe me, whatever crime that man is accused of he is innocent. That villain has arranged this affair to prevent us from going to Joliet where my husband is confined in prison. This man's evidence would clear him and make him a free man. If you are not heartless release him.

CAR. Come Daly, the train starts. (*Exit D. in F. L.*)

JEAN. (*Stands at door. Grabs Daly who is about to exit and pulls him down L.*) You shall not go. Officers I saw this man give the wallet to the man you have in charge.

OFFICER. We have had him through our hands once before. (*Officers hold him.*)

MRS. STAN. Too late, our train is gone.

JEAN. Not too late, I have already telegraphed to stop train at Twenty-second street. We must take a hack and drive there at once.

JAKY. But the bank won't honor our draft and we're out of money.

JEAN. I have enough to defray all expenses, everything is already prepared.

MRS. STAN. And to whom are we indebted for this kindness.

JEAN. Jeanette Guinot. (*Close in in one.*)

SCENE 2D—*Reception room of states prison. Enter warden and usher R.*

WARDEN. Well I suppose there will be as many visitors to-day as usual.

USHER. I shouldn't doubt it at all. I say, Miller, have you ever noticed how pale and worried Wm. Stanley looks.

WARDEN. Yes, I feel very sorry for that young man, he has a heart as pure and as tender as a woman's, and I feel positive he is perfectly innocent of the charges against him.

USHER. Possibly, but it is a difficult problem to solve. Still water runs deep you know.

WARDEN. Yes that is true, but I have had a great many of such problems in my hands, and this is the first one that has ever interested me at all. I'll bet that man has some very powerful enemies who have wound this chain of guilt around him, and his affair is of so trivial a nature that thirty days in the city jail would have been punishment enough.

USHER. I begin to think Miller that you have fallen in love with the prisoner, what a pity he isn't a woman.

WARDEN. Supposing I have, I like a noble nature, no matter in what form it is, and despise beings who are always ready to crush them.

USHER. Do you intend this as a stab for me.

WARDEN. A guilty conscience needs no accuser, if the shoe fits you, wear it Mr. Bates. I'll discharge that man at the end of the week, I don't altogether like him. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

USHER. So Mr. Miller you are beginning to suspicion something are you. I am glad I learned it in time. I wonder if that man Carroll will be here to-day according to appointment. I have my instructions from his lawyer. You must urge one of your prisoners to attempt an escape. Well what would be the result? A failure, as it is impossible to do this. Ah! here comes some one. (*Enter Carroll R. 1 E.*) Well sir, is there some one you would like to consult?

CAR. Yes, you have an usher here by the name of Bates.

BATES. That's my name, sir. (*Carroll looks at photograph.*)

CAR. Yes, you are the man.

BATES. And your name is

CAR. Richard Carroll. (*Bates looks at photograph.*)

BATES. Well, what's your lay.

CAR. You have received your instructions from my attorney here.

BATES. Yes but don't quite understand them. Speak low.

CAR. Then listen. You are supposed to aid one of the prisoners to escape.

BATES. The escape may be attempted, but failure is sure.

CAR. Exactly as I desire it.

BATES. What are we to gain by this?

CAR. This much. My business here to-day is to release a man from prison whose pardon I have secured. He hates me as bitter as I hate him. He may refuse to go. An attempt on the part of the prisoner to make an escape will cause some shots to be fired, and if my pistol should accidentally go off and kill Wm. Stanley it will not be called murder, do you understand?

BATES. Fully, you can rely on me.

CAR. So my attorney informed me.

BATES. Well did he inform you, also, how much I wanted for this job.

CAR. No, but here is five hundred dollars, five hundred more when the work is done.

BATES. That won't do, because as soon as I receive the money I skip the country. The prisoner that does the job for me finds it is a put up job, peaches on me and I am placed behind the bars. Oh, no, I want one thousand dollars cash down.

CAR. No time to parley, there is your money, now to work at once.

BATES. Consider it done.

CAR. Send my card to the warden, and tell him I wish to converse with Stanley in his cell.

BATES. He don't like me and wouldn't allow it if I asked, so just tip him yourself, and with a little soft soap you might persuade him to admit it, which is against the rules of the prison. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

CAR. So far so good. What has befallen Daly I cannot imagine, I thought he was close at my heels. I took my seat upon the car and never missed him until it was too late to discover the cause of his disappearance. Now to visit Wm. Stanley. I have but one hour before the train leaves Chicago, in that hour I must accomplish deeds that will make me rich or condemn me to poverty for life. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

SCENE 3D—*Interior of prison with arch R.E.U. and cells running from L. 2 E. to L.U.E. Winding stairway at L. 2 E. practical to*

*2d tier. Stair leading to barred door in F. C. A prisoner dis. on either side of stairway with cut bread. Music. Keepers dis. on both tiers. Prison march on ascending stair from R. U. E. Those who enter cells on stage carry lanterns, those on 2d tier carry buckets. Bill hides in crevice of cell on 2d tier and as keepers starts to lock his cell, strikes him with pistol. Drags him in cell. Stanley descends stair c. with keeper, who unlocks his cell.)*

STAN. At last I must return to my cell. Oh, wife, wife, if you but knew the agony I endure. If I wrote to her telling her I was a prisoner, a convict here the shock would kill her, and yet if I fail to write, her anxiety would drive her mad. What shall I do. What shall I do.

KEEPER. Very sorry Stanley, but your time is up.

STAN. Yes I am ready. I must thank you very much for the many kindnesses you have shown me.

KEEPER. Don't mention it, every one connected with the prison notices that you are not a fit associate for the rest of the prisoners. That garb was never intended for such men as you sir.

STAN. No, I am wrongly accused, sentenced for a crime heaven knows I am innocent of. Torn from the side of my darling wife. Oh, God, will you not send an agent from heaven to restore me to happiness with a pure and spotless name.

USHER. (*Descends stairs c.*) A gentlemen who claims to have some very private business with you has obtained permission from the warden to see you here, do you desire to receive him.

STAN. His name? (*Carroll descends stair.*)

CAR. (*Proffers hand*) Your old friend, Dick Carroll.

STAN. You, you scoundrel.

CAR. Won't shake, eh. I am sorry that such a dignified gentlemen refuses to take my hand. Working on the stone pile, eh?

STAN. No, I am keeping books in the office.

CAR. Quite an elevated position, how your fellow convicts must envy you. I suppose you like this better than traveling, such elegant associates, you know.

STAN. A treacherous convict we can beware of because he wears a convicts garb, but such deceit and villiany as you can practice, Richard Carroll, with a pretension of friendship, comes like a stab in the back by an unseen hand. Yes I would ten times rather associate with the convict knowing him to be the vilest, than with such men as you, who hide their true character beneath a mask of smiles.

CAR. I am afraid prison life does not agree with you, it makes you hate your best friends. Come Stanley, I am not the cowardly person you speak of, and to prove it I am about to do you a great service.

STAN. Service! you have served me well enough already. It was you who stole money from Farnsworth's cash drawer and had me appear guilty of the theft, so as you could gain the hand of my Mary, who hated and despised you. She knew your character too well to link her life with yours, and left her father home to join me, me in my poverty. Service! you had me discharged, turned into the street because you thought it would serve you.

CAR. These charges are unjust, your position was lost through your own folly. Had you not angered Farnsworth by casting your affections upon his daughter who ranked so high above you, you would still have held your place. I had nothing to do with your discharge.

STAN. Its a lie.

CAR. No hard words, Stanley. I came here to befriend you. It lies in my power to release you from prison; think Stanley, make you a free man, aye, this very hour, if you will but do my bidding.

STAN. And that is—

CAR. Accompany me to Chicago.

STAN. For what purpose?

CAR. That you will learn when you reach there.

STAN. I must know now.

CAR. You will learn soon enough. Come, will you comply with my terms?

STAN. No!

CAR. No?

STAN. No, Richard Carroll, you are up to more of your villainy. I tell you sir, I would rather remain here and wear this prison garb, knowing that by my release I would be serving you.

CAR. Yes, your prison garb is very becoming.

STAN. It would become you better, and mark me Richard Carroll, you'll wear it some day.

CAR. Enough of this, since you will not accompany me on any other terms, I will tell you why I wished your release. While you are confined in prison your faithless wife has fled New York in company with another man, her paramour.

STAN. Coward, you lie.



CAR. I speak the truth, your wife is false.

STAN. (*Seizes him by the throat.*) She is as true as you are false. (*Usher and keeper drag him off.*)

CAR. I have your release in my possession, come with me to Chicago and I will prove my statement.

STAN. My wife false, I will not believe it. If she is in Chicago, she is on her way to see me. If she is in a gentleman's company (*Mrs. S. comes down stairs with Jakey and Jeanette*) it is her escort and not her paramour.

MRS. STAN. (*Rushes to him.*) Husband!

STAN. (*Embracing.*) Mary! Scoundrel I told you so.

CAR. Foiled.

JAKY. Tin foiled. Say, we got here a little too soon for you, ain't it so?

CAR. You are the cause of this, curse you.

JAKY. Well I should expentate. You tried to have me arrested for stealing dat bocket-book. Oh, your're a momsa.

MRS STAN. Oh, Will, my husband, that you should fail to let me know of your trouble.

CAR. I came here to release your husband from prison, but since you are both so bitter towards me, I will destroy his pardon.

JAKY. (*Grabs paper.*) What's dot, a puddin?

STAN. My pardon!

CAR. You cursed Jew, give me that paper.

KEEPER. I'll take possession of it.

JAKY. Dot's ride Mr. jailor, you take the puddin. Say look here, Mr. Burton—

CAR. Burton!

JAKY. You dought I didn't know you because you had your wiskers shaved off.

CAR. You lie.

JEAN. He speaks the truth.

CAR. Jeanette, and alive.

STAN. Yes, 'tis he, I see it all now.

CAR. Fly, your friends are here. (*Prisoners rush from cells to c.*)

STAN. Back men, escape is impossible. (*Carroll levels a revolver at Stanley. Jakey takes it from him.*)

JAKY. Not this christmas.

PICTURE. CURTAIN.



## ACT IV.

ACT 4th—Scene—*Commercial Hotel, Valentine, Nebraska.*  
*Counters and cigar case R. 2 E. Kitchen and dining room*  
*L. Stair leading to up stairs practical. Set door L.*  
*2 E. 2 beds up stairs R. with open window in FLAT. One*  
*bed in small partition L. Mrs. and Wm. Stanley dis.*  
*seated c. Music at rise of curtain.*

STAN. Mary I must go to the store and do our trading.  
Will you wait here until Jeanette arrives?

MRS. STAN. I should prefer to go with you Will, these  
men or cowboys as you call them, are apt to come in at any  
moment, and I cannot say that I admire their company.

STAN. You need not fear insult from them; 'tis true they  
are rough, and at times when under the influence of liquor  
handle their revolvers very carelessly, but a lady they know  
how to respect at any time; but still since you desire to be  
with me, we will go together. Ah, Mary, I wish we were  
back in New York.

MRS. STAN. Don't get homesick Will, I am sure you will  
soon be accustomed to western life, besides we are trying  
hard to make our homestead a pleasant home indeed.  
True the work is different from that which we are accus-  
tomed to do, but we are out of the way of our enemies and  
that thought alone should make us work hard to forget the  
past and think only of the happy days in store for us.

STAN. Happy days, I hope we shall see them soon, but I  
see nothing but labor, and then despair to think that an in-  
nocent man must fly from justice, because a cowardly villain  
chose to make his life a living hell. No, Mary, I'll go back  
to New York, find Richard Carroll, make him sign a confes-  
sion that I am guiltless, or kill him if he refuses to do my  
bidding.

MRS. STAN. Find Richard Carroll, why Will has he not  
been arrested?

STAN. Yes, arrested, but still at large. From a letter  
that I've received from one of my old traveling companions  
this morning, I learn that he had been liberated on bail, a  
lawyer at Joliet going his security for five thousand dollars.

On the day set for his trial he was nowhere to be found and is still at large. I tell you Mary, the more I think of that scoundrel, the more restless I begin to feel and long to seize him by the throat and strangle him until he lies dead at my feet.

MRS. STAN. Try to forget the past Will; remember it was at your suggestion we came west and took up a homestead, I willingly consented because our enemies would not give us a moments peace. I know your determination Will, and if you make up your mind to hunt Richard Carroll you will find him. Kill him, and be tried for murder; here we are safe. It would be folly, madness, even to think of leaving.

STAN. You are right, I shall not speak of it again.  
(Enter Jeanette D. in F. R.)

JEAN. Oh, madam, madam.

MRS. STAN. Why child, how frightened you are.

JEAN. Yes yes! but as I was passing the street I saw a face, and could swear it was that of Richard Carroll.

STAN.

MRS. STAN. } Richard Carroll.

JEAN. If not he, his living image.

STAN. Surely you must be mistaken.

JEAN. I could not be mistaken in that face, monsieur, it is ever in my memory.

STAN. Then Richard Carroll beware, for if you are here, to-day you will answer for all the misery you have caused me.

JEAN. Listen, monsieur. I am much to blame for your misery, for had it not been for the feeling of avarice that came over me at the time, I could have spoken two words and all your troubles would have been at an end. Now I beg of you not to act rash and allow yourself to face the villain, for it would be a duel to the death.

STAN. What would you have me do?

JEAN. Leave him to me.

STAN. He would kill you without compunction.

JEAN. Then I would reap the punishment I justly deserve.

MRS. STAN. No you have been punished enough already. If he be here my Will shall meet him face to face.

STAN. Bravely spoken. And now we must go to the store to do our shopping. What a poor abode this for the weary traveler.

JEAN. Are all the hotels in small towns as poorly kept as this.

STAN. Not all, most towns have neatly kept houses and some of them brick buildings.

MRS. STAN. And do drummers come here to sell goods.

STAN. There are a few arrivals every day selling various kinds of goods.

JEAN. And do the cowboys not trouble them.

STAN. Sometimes they do, it depends on how they like or dislike their appearance. (*Several shots heard. Train whistle blows.*) The train has just arrived and from the numerous shots I hear the cowboys are having some sport. Come Mary, Jeanette, we must go at once, (*Noise outside.*) and if Richard Carroll is hiding here we'll find him.

JEAN. And then let him beware.

STAN. Come. (*Exit D. L. 2 E.*) *Firing continues outside. Jakey enters D. in F. R. Falling C. Throwing valises.*

JAKEY. I like dot music. (*Arises. Takes railroad guide from pocket. Reads.*) Valentine, Commercial Hotel, the only first-class hotel in the city. Dis must be the place. Free bust too and from all trains. Well if that's what they call a free bust, shooting revolvers at a fellow the minute he gets in town, I'll take a free walk. Rates two dollars a day, dots cheap, the Grand Pacific charges four. I wonder where the landlord is. Hello! no answer. Is de brobrietor in, is the clerk in; I guess they haven't got any. Is the chambermaid in, I guess she's oud our she would hear my musical voice. Is dere any cowboys here. (*Two shots.*) Yes dose are bully cowboys, dey didn't seem to like my hat, they wanted to shoot it. (*Song. Enter Martin D. in F. R.*) Hello, here's a good looking fellow, he must be the clerk. Hello, my friend, I am delightful to meet you. I'll sell him a bill of goods. I see you have some cigars in your case.

MARTIN. Ye, ya, yes sir.

JAKEY. I sell does goods.

MART. Ye, ya, yes sir.

JAKEY. Dot's what I said. I used to dravel for Bergen-rose, Rosenthal & Co., manufacturers of mens, youths and boys clothing. I ain't with that house any more.

MART. Ye, ya, yes sir.

JAKEY. Well I guess I know, I am not in the clothing business anymore.

MART. Ye, ya, yes sir.

JAKEY. Is dot all you can say, yes sir?

MART. No sir. (*Cowboys enter D. in F. R.*)

JAKEY. Well dot's different, I would like to show you my line of goods. (*Opening samples.*) Dere my friend is the world's finest. Dese cigars my friend are of the finest Havana tobacco that can be produced in Pennsylvania.

MART. Yas sir.

JAKEY. Yas sir, dey are called Three Graces; you will have great faith in dose if you smoke one. I hope you'll not refuse, and if you like it, for charity's sake I give you anoder one. Fersstatysta.

MART. Ye, yes sir.

JAKEY. Yes sir, I like dot musik. Here my friend, smoke one once, I guarantee you never smoke anoder one. (*Cowboys gather around.*) Boys smell de smoke, dots good goods aint it.

COWBOYS. Can't tell by smelling.

JAKEY. Give him the snipe let him smoke it once. (*To Martin.*) Dot's fine stock, aint it? (*Cowboys retire disgusted.*)

MART. Ye, ya, yes sir.

JAKEY. De most bobular brand in de United States of Nebraska. Heres where I sell him a bill he couldn't say no if he wanted to. Shall I put you down for some of those.

MART. I de, de, don't know.

JAKEY. Well I like dot, you don't know.

MART. I haint the boss.

JAKEY. Fine musik. Well who is the boss. (*Enter Hook D. in F.*)

MART. My pa. Here he is. (*Jakey tries to get out of his way and upsets sample case. Cigars roll on stage. Cowboys grab for them.*)

JAKEY. Here you bully cowboys, you can't have my samples. (*Cowboys draw revolvers.*) Don't got excited, gentlemen, you don't understand me, dose are not my samples, I keep those to give away. You can have all you want. (*Cowboys replace revolvers.*)

MART. Pa, pa, pa, that air runner wants to talk to you sir.

HOOK. Shake stranger. (*Grabs Jake's hand with hook, and Jakey falls.*) I've got lots of strength in that hook stranger.

JAKEY. A hook, I thought it was a derrick. (*Arises.*) Oh, why didn't I stay in the clothing business.

HOOK. Martin.

MART. Ye, ye, yes sir.

HOOK. Did you sweep the office.

MART. Ye; ye, yes sir.

HOOK. Then cook the dinner; then go up stairs and make the beds, do you hear?

MART. Ye, ye, yes sir.

JAKY. Is dot de way the head clerks do out here. Cook the dinner, wait on the table, make up the beds and sweep the office.

HOOK. Look a here, don't you get too fresh, he's my son and does all the work. Martin, do you year.

MART. Ye, ye, yes sir. (*Goes to stove. Funny business. Cooks.*)

JAKY. I like dot. I say Mr. Derrick, I mean Mr. Hook, don't you want to buy some of does Henry Mud cigars, dey are extra fine ones I can assure you. I can give you great bargain in those goods. (*Showing samples.*) Dey are worth sixty dollars a dousand.

HOOK. What?

JAKY. But I sell them to you for thirty, Mr. Hook. I can afford to sell does goods cheap because my brudder steals the tobacco, my fadder makes the cigars, my mudder packs them in the boxes, and I go on the road and sell the goods; dey are a great bargain, Mr. Hook, and I am anxious to get that brand in your case.

HOOK. Can I have my picture put on the box.

JAKY. You're bicture? What you want to do with the boxes when you get them empty, use em for mice traps?

HOOK. Look out I'll hook your eyes out.

JAKY. No dank you, I couldn't get them in again. But don't get oxcited Mr. Hook, I will have your photograph put on the box if you will buy a big bill.

HOOK. Will you pay the express charges.

JAKY. Yes I'll do that, how many shall I send you Mr. Hook.

HOOK. Send fifty on em.

JAKY. Fifty! one box, I'll ship them by freight. Oh, why didn't I stay in the clothing business.

MART. Di, di, di, dinner. (*Cowboys go to table.*)

JAKY. Diner, I like dot music. (*Closes samples.*) Fifty. One box.

MART. D, d, dinner.

JAKY. I hear you. (*Goes to table.*) I don't like dis seat by the stove, its too hot.

COWBOYS. (*Arise. Point revolvers.*) Sit down.

JAKY. Certainly, gentlemen. (*Sits down.*) Dis is de coolest spot on earth, I assure you. (*Cowboys sit down and replace revolvers.*)

MARTIN. Tea or coffee.

1st C. B. Coffee.

2d C. B. Tea.

3d C. B. Tea.

4th C. B. Coffee.

MARTIN. (*To Jaky.*) Tea or coffee?

JAKY. Chocolate.

MARTIN. Haint got any.

JAKY. Coffee then. I wish dinner was over. (*Martin passes cups around.*) Aint you got some milk.

MART. Pa had a fuss with the milkman about the price of milk, so we won't have any to-day.

JAKY. Well I can't drink coffee without milk. (*Pushes cup aside.*)

COWBOYS. (*Draw revolvers.*) Drink that coffee.

JAKY. Gentlemen you fail to comprehend my meaning less. If there is one thing I do like its coffee without milk. (*All sit down. Cowboys replace revolvers. Martin dishes food on plate. All eat except Jaky.*) You aint got some meat.

MART. Pa had a fuss with the butcher about the price of meat, so we won't have any to-day.

JAKY. Well I didn't want any.

MART. Have a piece of cold bacon. (*Slaps it on Jaky's plate.*)

JAKY. No dank you, dots hog meat, I don't eat that.

MART. It's the only kind I've got.

JAKY. I can't eat dot its trafay.

COWBOYS. (*Cowboys arise and draw revolvers.*) Eat it.

JAKY. (*Arising.*) To-day is Friday. I'm a good catholic; I can't eat meat to-day.

1st C. B. (*Fires revolver.*) Eat that bacon.

JAKY. Certainly gentlemen, if its any accommodation to you. (*Sits down*) Ferecken salst du. (*Bus eating bacon. Cowboys pointing revolvers. Cowboys advance c. Jaky remains seated at table. Martin ascends stair.*)

HOOK. Say it is generally the way of traveling fellars to set them up when they se ls a bill, and you want to do that very thing, do you hear?

JAKY. (*Comes down c.*) Talking to me.

HOOK. Set em up to the boys.

JAKY. I'll see you later. (*Goes to door. 1st cowboy shoots his hat off.*) Gentlemen when I come back I'll set em up to the whole crowd. If I could only get out of here. Say, how much is my bill?

HOOK. Will you be here to-night?

JAKY. Can I get away to-day?

HOOK. No train ut till morning.

JAKY. Well I guess I'll stay to-night.

HOOK. Dollar and a half.

JAKY. There's two dollars, give me the change. (*Hands bill.*)

HOOK. You ain't set em up to the boys yet. Have a cigar on this gentleman. (*Boys take cigars.*) That airs just the right change mister.

JAKY. I like dot musik. Well give me a nice room to myself.

HOOK. I aint got a single room empty. You'll have two nice respectable gentlemen for room mates, and a nice feather bed to sleep on.

JAKY. Well dots all ride; I must go out and drum the own, but I'll be back in a hell of an hour.

HOOK. Wont you be back to supper.

JAKY. No dank you, I eat too much dinner. (*Exit with sample case D. in F. R. Martin descends stairs.*)

MART. The beds are all made up pa.

HOOK. Then go out and chop some wood, do you hear? (*Cowboys exit D. in F. R.*)

MART. Ye, ye, yes sir.

HOOK. And I'll go down to the Pioneer office and give em a list of my arrivals; mind you chop that wood afore I get back. (*Exit D. L. 2 E.*)

MART. Ye, ye, yes. (*Enter Carroll D. in F. R.*)

CAR. I am not alone, I must get rid of this fellow. My man can you do me an errand.

MART. No sir, I must chop wood for pa. Good day, sir. (*Exit R. 1 E.*)

CAR. Good. Can it be possible that it was Jeanette's face I saw to-day, I must be mistaken. Her face is so impressed upon my memory that I can't turn my head and notice a passer by without thinking it is she or some of my pursuers. Had it not been for her and that meddling fool, Einstein, I would now be enjoying Mary Danforth's fortune. But they have thwarted all my well laid plans. I have yet one bold stroke to make before I give it up. I have in my possession the will which I took from Farnsworth safe, it is



worth a fortune either to Farnsworth or Mary Danforth. I have written Farnsworth concerning it, and he is to be here this very night. Will he fail me. No, his interests are too much at stake for that. I came here purporting to be a speculator in lands. A poor abode this, but here I must remain until he comes to meet my demands, which once in my possession, I will fly the country and live comfortably in Paris or London the rest of my days. (*Ascends stair goes in Apt L. Enter Jakey D. in F. R.*)

Jakey. I like dot musik. I didn't sell a bill. Well its a cold day when I get left, but I am left to-day dats sure. I wonder what has become of Stanley, his wife and Jeanette. I met Walter Harrington and he told me they had gone west to grow up with the country. I wonder if he is a bully cowboy too. (*Ascends stair.*) Fine business. (*Sets on bed in Apt R. Takes off shoes. Feels bed.*) A fedder bed. Shaney musik. (*Enter Cowboys D. in F. R.*)

1ST AND 2D C. B. We're in for a jolly good time boys, we're in for a jolly good time.

Jakey. Bully cowboys coming back again.

1ST C. B. (*Shoots lamp off of counter.*) We're for a terrible time boys.

2D C. B. Yes we're in for a jolly good time, hurrah!

Jakey. Besuffen. I hope they won't come up here.

CAR. Cowboys on a spree; if they remain here long they'll spoil all.

COWBOYS. (*Ascending stair. Singing.*) My love is a cowboy in Texas fair, he rides a pony and wears long hair. (*Shriek. Jakey frightened crawls under the bed.*)

Jakey. Two respectable gentlemen my room mates. I like dot musik. (*Carroll peers from door, as boys land on 2d floor.*) Carroll here. Jakey you're a monkey in a tight box sure.

COWBOYS. Hurrah! hurrah! (*Shoots through window.*)

Jakey. I wish I was in New York now.

CAR. Curse the luck, will they never leave.

1ST C. B. Here's to good old whiskey drink her down, drink her down. (*Drinking from bottle.*)

2D C. B. Give me that bottle.

• 1ST C. B. You can't have it.

Jakey. They are going to fight. I'll get shot, I know I will. (*Music.*)

2D C. B. I say you must give it to me.

1st C. B. Your off, you shant have a drop.



2D C. B. I shant eh? (*They struggle. Both fall from window. Carroll goes to window.*)

CAR. They have fought and have fallen on the roof. I'm in luck. (*Train bell rings.*)

JAKY. Deres a train, de landlord said I couldn't get out till morning.

CAR. The train has arrived, Farnsworth must soon be here.

JAKY. Farnsworth coming here.

CAR. Some one is drawing near the hotel. I can discern his face, it is he. (*Descends stair. Jakey comes from under bed.*)

JAKY. I must get out of here, but I don't see how. Here is a revolver the bully cowboy dropped and here is his hat and coat. I'm a regular Biffalo Willie. (*Puts on clothes. Enter Farnsworth D. in F. R. Jakey listens at stair.*)

CAR. Farnsworth.

FARNS. Carroll.

CAR. Yes, 'tis I.

FARNS. Why have you selected this out of the way place for our meeting, thousands of miles from New York?

CAR. Because justice cannot reach me here. But come into my room, we can safely converse there without interruption.

FARNS. Are you sure you mean me no personal harm. I warn you Carroll, I came prepared for treachery.

CAR. You need have no fear, this is a public hotel, if we conversed here in the office, we might be overheard, up stairs we can avoid interruption. (*Go to stair. Ascend. Jakey gets under the bed. Carroll and Farnsworth enter small Apt L.*)

JAKY. They are coming here. Jakey you'll hear some good music.

FARNS. This room is rather small for two persons.

CAR. I agree with you there, we can safely transact our business in the other room, the inmates are under the influence of liquor and are sleeping on the roof. (*Farnsworth and Carroll enter apartment R.*)

FARNS. Carroll you cannot take too many precautions to guard against intruders.

CAR. You need have no fears; but to make things doubly sure I'll lock the door. (*Locks door. Lays key on bed. Jakey takes key and unlocks door.*)

JAKY. And for fear of going out of the window like those bully cowboys, I'll unlock the door. (*Puts key on bed and gets under bed.*)

CAR. Now to business. You come here to purchase of me

FARNS. Property that you stole from my safe.

CAR. Exactly. Property which is worth a fortune to one other being beside yourself, and that person is Mary Danforth, now the wife of Wm. Stanley.

JAKY. I can't hear you, speak louder.

CAR. A will whose existence not a living soul is aware of besides yourself and I.

JAKY. Dots better.

CAR. A will which would give Mary Danforth a fortune and make you penniless if she but knew of its existence, and she shall know unless you meet my demands.

FARNS. These threats are useless Carroll, it is the exposure I dread. I would gladly give Will Stanley's wife every dollar that I have deprived her of, if it were not for the disgrace, the shame I would be subjected to.

CAR. Bosh, you would do nothing of the kind, and well you know it. I tell you Farnsworth when a man once enjoys riches, no matter how obtained, it is very hard for him to part with it without a struggle. Come, moments are precious.

FARNS. Well then return the will to me and I'll give you five thousand dollars.

CAR. It is not enough.

FARNS. Ten thousand dollars.

CAR. It is not enough.

FARNS. How much do you demand?

CAR. Twenty thousand dollars.

JAKY. He don't want much.

FARNS. I'll not give it, the fortune is not worth it.

CAR. I beg your pardon, that is not one-fifth its value.

FARNS. Have you the will in your possession.

CAR. (*Takes it from pocket.*) I have.

FARNS. May I peruse it.

CAR. (*Hands will. Points revolver.*) You may but return it or twenty thousand dollars, or you shall never leave this room alive.

FARNS. (*Reads. Lays it down. Produces wallet. Counts out twenty thousand dollars. Jaky crawls from under the bed.*)

JAKY. I'll risk it if I get killed for it.

FARNS. There is the money, twenty thousand dollars.

JAKY. (*Grabs both. Runs down stairs. Exit D. in F. R.*)

FARNS. Betrayed! after him at once.

CAR. No, he is your accomplice, that for your pains. (*Shoots Farnsworth. Farnsworth falls. Carroll rushes down*

stairs. *Farnsworth gropes D. stair.*) Curse the fool to trifle with me. I must hasten, the whole town will be down upon me when the news of my deed reaches them. (*Enter Stanley D. L. 2 E. Mrs. Stanley and Jeanette.*)

STAN. This way Mary. Richard Carroll!

CAR. You here!

MRS. STAN. My father murdered. (*Rushes to him.*)

STAN. Villain you have followed me here, and here must you answer for the many injuries you have done me.

CAR. I knew not that you were here. (*Jeanette gets slowly behind Carroll.*)

STAN. You lie. Come now, throw down your revolver and for once in your life fight me like a man.

CAR. No.

STAN. You're a coward.

CAR. Advance another step and I'll send you to eternity. (*Jeanette gets revolver from him.*)

JEAN. Now touch him if you dare. *Enter Jakey followed by cowboys D. in F. R. Enter Hook and Martin.*

JAKY. Don't let him get away, he is a murderer. (*Cowboys hold him.*) Jeanette. (*Embraces her.*) And Stanley here too.

FAENS. No child I am not your father, I have wronged you. Your mother left you and your fortune in my charge. The money! The will. That man killed me. (*Dies pointing to Carroll.*)

JAKY. Mrs. Stanley here too. So dis is de place you moved.

STAN. Yes. (*Mrs. Stanley adv. c.*)

JAKY. Say bully cowboys, dot fellow kil'ed dot poor old man; what you do with a fellow, here that kills another one.

C. B. Hang him, hang him.

HOOK. *Gets rope and puts it around Carroll*) Aye, aye! Hang him.

JAKY. Say Mr. Burton, take a quart of click oh, and charge it to ten. (*Drag Carroll off.*) Dot settles his business. Now Mrs. Stanley don't say any more, as dat dead fellow don't was your fadder any how. I have a little story to tell you. I used to dravel for Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co., manufacturers of mens, youths and boys clothing. I aint with that house any more, the firm kicked at my expense. I got mad and quit. I went into the cigar business, came out west to get acquainted with some bully cowboys. I got acquainted with them, well I got so well acquainted that I had them for room mates. They got drunk, I got frightened and

hid under the bed. I saw Carroll peeping from another room up stairs. Den Farnsworth came by the last train. They met, commenced to bargain for a will. Carroll was going to sell it to him for twenty thousand dollars. I saw the money; I saw the will, and grabs them both. I hear a shot, I thought I was killed. I run out and found I wasn't killed, I found the bully cowboys and brought them here.

STAN. And the will?

JAKY. And the money are here. (*Hands both.*) And belong to your wife.

MRS. STAN. Mine. (*Stanley takes will. Reads.*) and the man I supposed was my father

JAKY. Was only your guardian.

STAN. And has deprived you of an independent fortune left you by your mother.

JAKY. Stanley, when you come into your fortune, you will give me a job to travel for you.

STAN. I'll do more, I'll make you my partner.

JAKY. I like dot musik. Jeanette, I took your breath away once before by a sudden proposal, but I ask you again; will you become Mrs. Einstein.

JEAN. Will you have me.

JAKY. Well, I should dance a jig. I'll get married and we'll buy our opening stock from Bergenrose, Rosenthal & Co., manufacturers of mens, boys and youths clothing, by jabers.



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